## THE

## BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

THE POETRY BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD,

ASSIGNED BY HIS EXECUTORS FOR EXCLUSIVE PUBLICATION IN THIS WORK.

## HARMONIZED, TO BE SUNG BY EITHER THREE OR FOUR VOICES, WITH ACCOMPANIMENT,

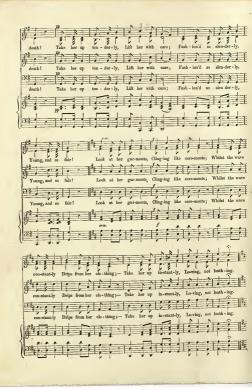
THE MUSICAL TREASURY.

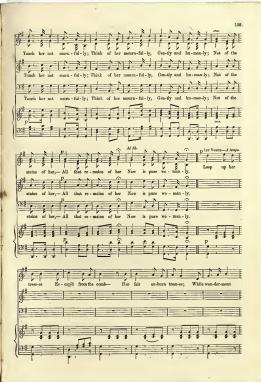
[No. 657-58—G. H. Davidson, Peter's Hill, Doctors' Commons, London—Gd.]

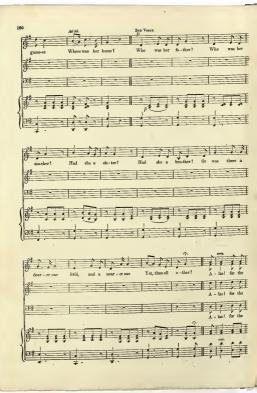
'The Bridge of Sighs' is also Published as a Descriptive Canata, being Nos. 653-56 of 'Davidson's Marical Trassur

Audante con Espres TENOR

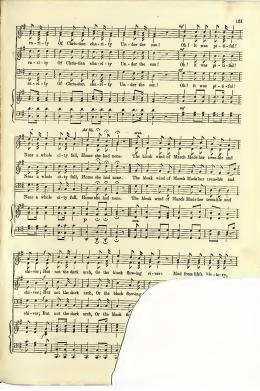
657-58



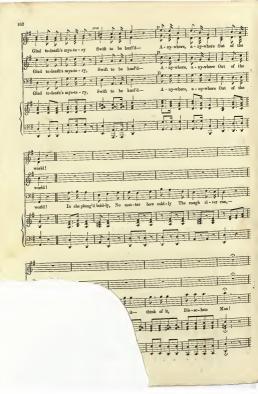




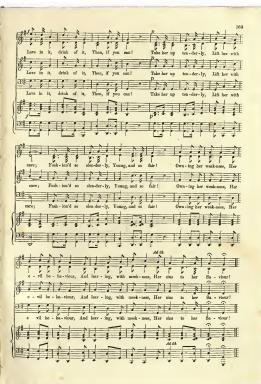
From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW



From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW



From the collections of Sydney Living Museums / Historic Houses Trust of NSW



## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Desward! desward!"-Hamist.

Several Stansas of the late Tromas Hoon's beautiful Poem having been omitted in the Musical Adaptation from the fear of the Composition being deemed too long for Vocatization, it is here reprinted entire, as written by the Author.

ONE more Unfortunate, Weary of hreath, Rashly importunate Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments, Clinging like cerements; Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her clothing ;-Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully; Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny Rash and undutiful: Past all dishonour, Death has left on her Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers, One of Eve's family— Wipe these poor lips of hers, Occing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses Escap'd from the comh— Her fair auburn tresses; Whilst wonderment guesses Where was her home?

Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! Near a whole city full, Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly, Fatherly, motherly Feelings had chang'd: Love, by harsh evidence, Thrown from its eminence; Even God's providence Seeming estrang'd.

Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement From garret to basement, She stood, with amazement, Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March Made her tremble and shiver; But not the dark arch, Or the black flowing river: Mad from life's history, Glad to death's mystery. Swift to be hurl'd-Any-where, any-where Out of the world!

In she plung'd boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran,-Over the hrink of it; Picture it-think of it, Dissolute Man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slenderly, Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly, Decently,-kindly, Smooth, and compose the And her eyes, close them Staring so himdly!

Dreadfully staring Thro' muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of despairing Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily, Spurr'd by contunely, Cold inhumanity, Burning insanity, Into her rest .--Cross her hands humbly As if praying dumbly, Over her breast!

Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, And leaving, with meckness, Her sius to her Saviour!

MUSICAL PIECES, FOUNDED ON INCIDENTS IN 'UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.'

Posibled in Thompsony Shorts in Receiver's Western Transactor, for concepts, "Annale Processor Callands," The company of the Control of the C

The Simulation of J. Emission and Simulation St. 21. No. 22. No. 22. No. 22. The Simulation of Simulation of Simulation St. 22. No. 22. No. 22. No. 22. The Simulation of Simulation Simulation St. 22. No. 22

\* Then Diver Floor, Veni and Information, the ment perfect Station of Nation Efficience argument by Nov. Rescher Streets statement work, may be ladd in an elegant book, all parties Taxamation Enthropolise come, Prior In. 66., the control water in them Nation would be at least National Estation.